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# RAY'S OF SUNSHINE



WILLIAM L. BROS.  
NEW-YORK.







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# RAY'S OF SUNSHINE



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The **FROG** who would a-wocing go.

*A FROG  
HE WOULD A WOODOING  
GO.*

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A Frog he would a-woooing go,  
Whether his mother would let  
him or no.

So off he set with his opera-hat,  
And on the road he met with  
a Rat.

“Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go  
with me,  
Kind Mrs. Mousey for to see?”

They soon arrived at Mousey's  
hall,



And gave a loud knock, and  
gave a loud call.



"PRAY, MRS. MOUSE, ARE YOU WITHIN?"



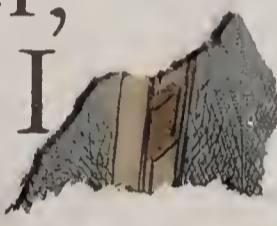
"FROGGY AND I ARE FOND OF GOOD CHEER."

*A Frog He Would a-Wooing Go.*

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“Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?”

“Yes, kind sirs, and sitting to spin.”

“Pray, Mrs. Mouse, now give us some beer,  
For Froggy and I  fond of good cheer.”

“Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?  
But let it be something that's not very long.”

“Indeed, Mrs. Mouse, I shall have to say No;  
A cold has made me as hoarse as a crow.”



“Since you have caught cold,  
Mr. Frog,” she said,  
“I’ll sing you a song that I have  
just made.”



A CAT AND HER KITTENS CAME TUMBLING IN.



MR. FROG IN A TERRIBLE FRIGHT.

*A Frog He Would a-Wooing Go.*

---

But while they were making a  
merry din,  
A Cat and her kittens came  
tumbling in.

The Cat she seized the Rat by  
the crown,  
The kittens they pulled the little  
Mouse down.

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible  
fright,  
So he took up his hat, and he  
wished them good-night.

As Froggy was crossing a silvery  
brook,  
A lilywhite Duck came and gob-  
bled him up.



So this was an end of one, two,  
three---  
The Rat, the Mouse, and little  
Frog-ee.

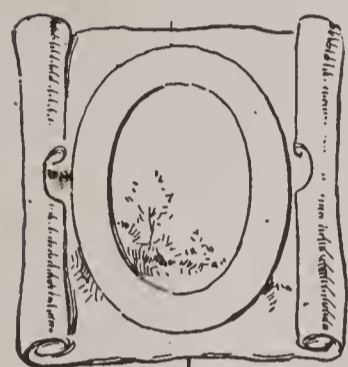


THE STORY  
OF THE

# THREE LITTLE PIGS



# THE STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS



ONCE upon a time there was an old pig with three little pigs, and as she had not enough to keep them, she sent them out to seek their fortunes.

The first that went off met a man with a bundle of straw, and said to him, "Please, man, give me that straw to build me a house;" which the man did, and the little pig built a house with it. Presently a wolf came along and knocked at the door, and said,—

"LITTLE PIG, LITTLE PIG, LET ME COME IN!"  
To which the pig answered.—

"No, No, BY THE HAIR ON MY CHINNY-CHIN-CHIN!"

This made the wolf angry, and he said,—

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in!"

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew the house in, and ate up the little pig.

The second little pig met a man with a bundle of wood, and said, "Please, man, give me that wood to build me

## *The Story of the Three Little Pigs.*

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a house; which the man did, and the pig built his house with it.

Then along came the wolf, and said,—

“LITTLE PIG, LITTLE PIG, LET ME COME IN!”

“NO, NO, BY THE HAIR ON MY CHINNY-CHIN-CHIN!”

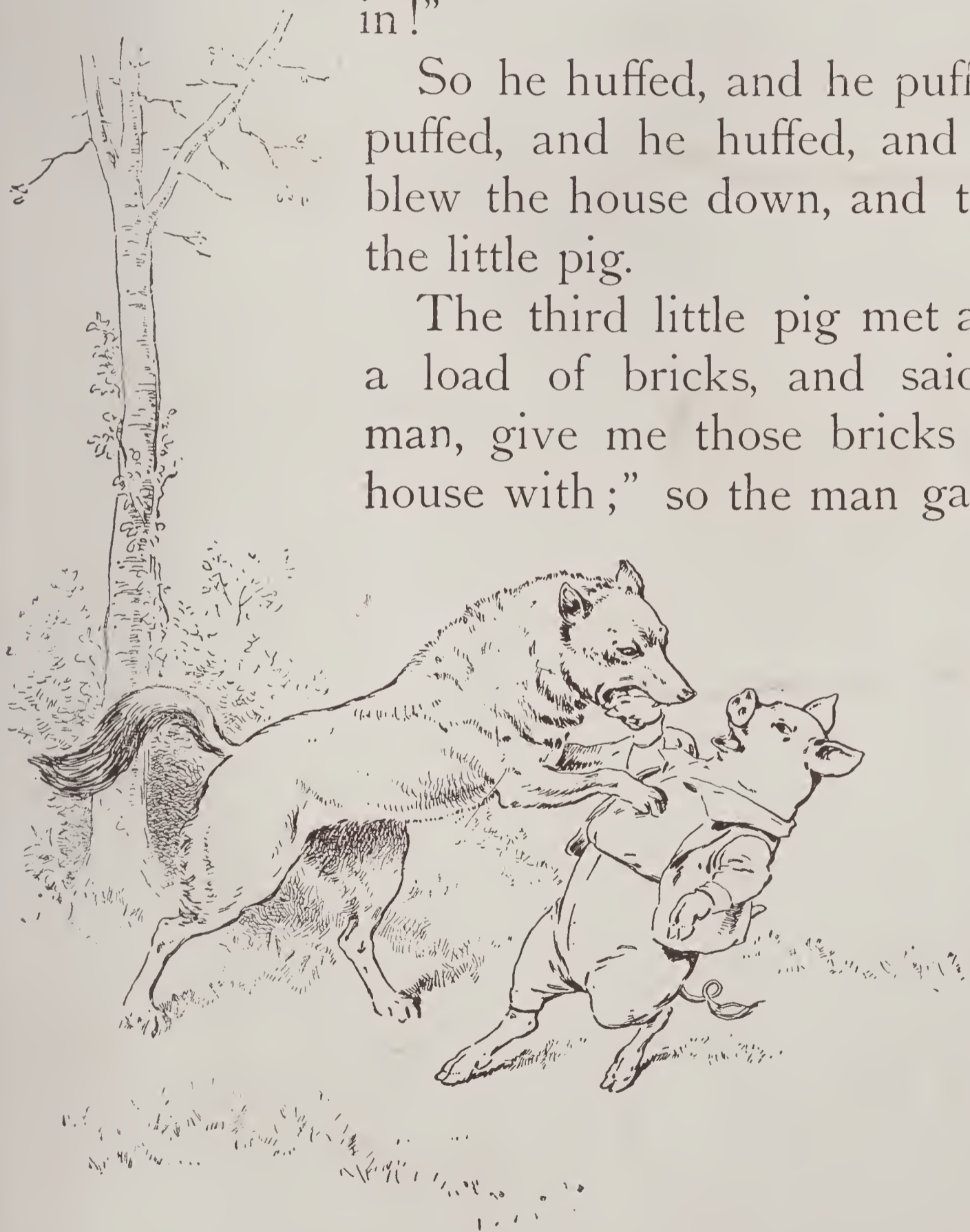
Then I’ll huff, and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house in!”

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, and at last he blew the house down, and then ate up the little pig.

The third little pig met a man with a load of bricks, and said, “Please, man, give me those bricks to build a house with;” so the man gave him the

bricks, and he built his house with them.

Then the wolf came along as he had done to the other little pigs, and said,—





THE SECOND LITTLE PIG MEETS A WOODMAN.



"PLEASE, MAN, GIVE ME THOSE BRICKS."

## *The Story of the Three Little Pigs.*

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“LITTLE PIG, LITTLE PIG, LET ME COME IN!”

“NO, NO, BY THE HAIR ON MY CHINNY-CHIN-CHIN!”

“Then I’ll huff, and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house in.”

Well, he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, and he huffed and he puffed; but he could not get the house down. When he found that he could not, with all his huffing and puffing,



## *The Story of the Three Little Pigs.*

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blow the house down, he said, "Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips."

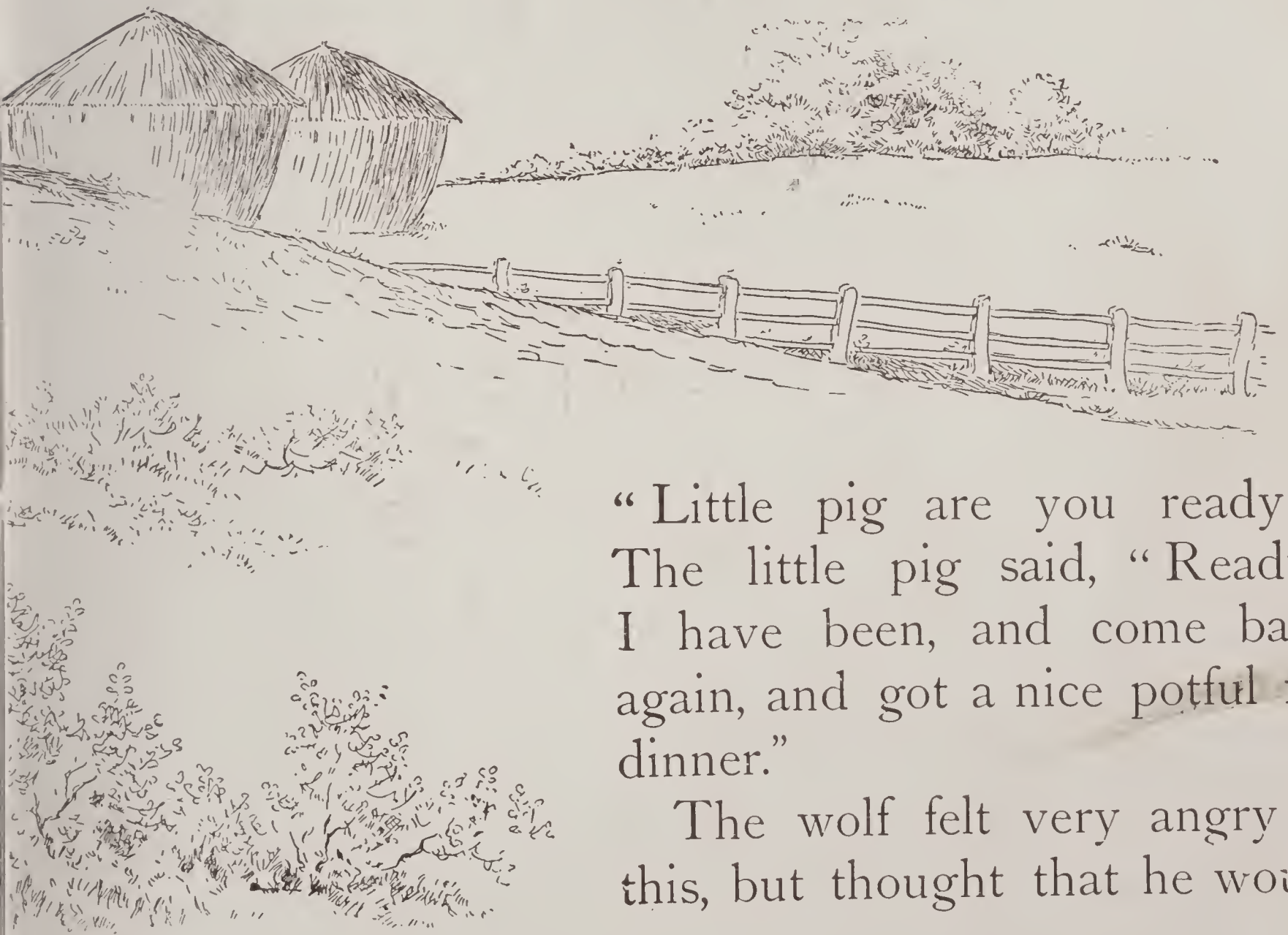
"Where?" said the little pig.

"Oh, in Mr. Smith's Home-field, and if you will be ready to-morrow morning I will call for you, and we will go together, and get some for dinner."

"Very well," said the little pig, "I will be ready. What time do you mean to go?"

"Oh, at six o'clock."

Well, the little pig got up at five, and got the turnips before the wolf came (which he did about six), and said,



"Little pig are you ready?" The little pig said, "Ready? I have been, and come back again, and got a nice potful for dinner."

The wolf felt very angry at this, but thought that he would



THE LITTLE PIG THROWS DOWN A PEAR.



THE WOLF STARTS DOWN THE CHIMNEY.

## *The Story of the Three Little Pigs.*

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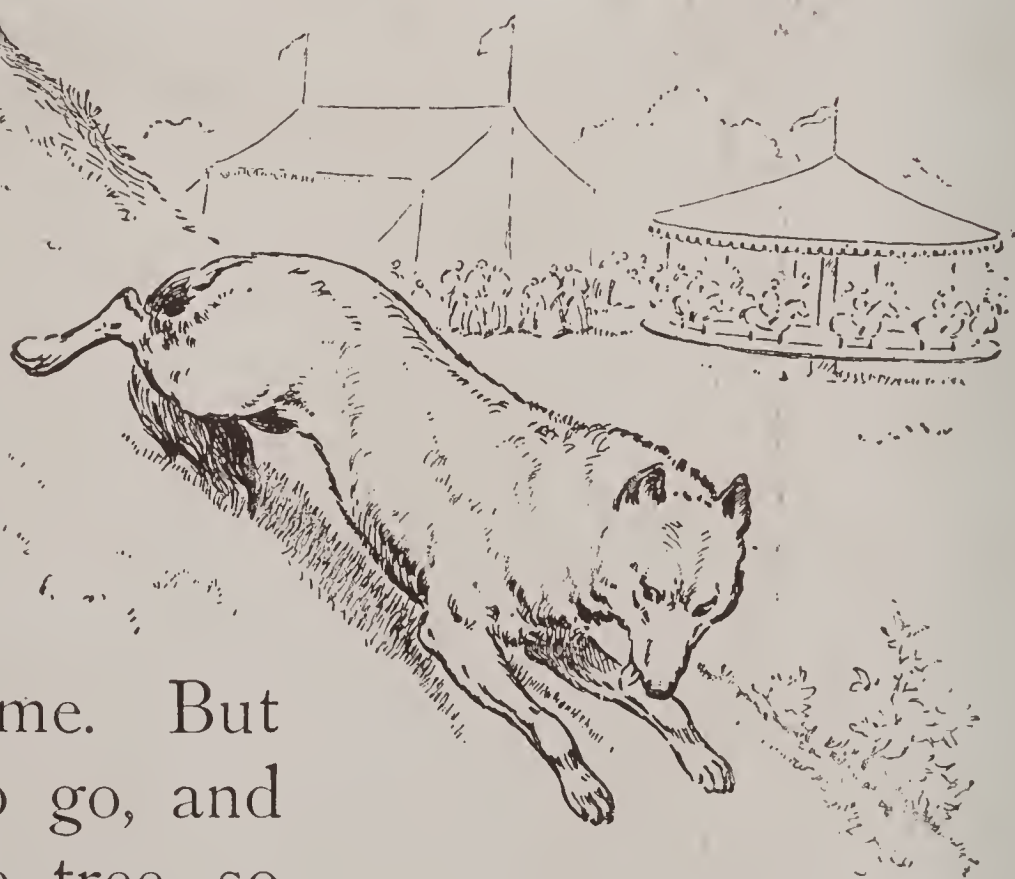
be up to the little pig some way or other, so he said, "Little pig, I know where there is a nice pear-tree."

"Where?" said the pig.

"Down at Merry-Garden," replied the wolf, "and if you will not deceive me, I will come for you at five o'clock to-morrow, and we will go together and get some pears."



Well, the little pig bustled up the next morning at four o'clock, and went off for the pears, hoping to get back



before the wolf came. But he had further to go, and had to climb the tree, so that just as he was getting down from it he saw the wolf coming, which, as you may suppose, frightened him very much. When the wolf came up he said, "What! are you here before me? are they nice pears?" "Yes, very," said the little pig. "I will throw you down one;" and

## *The Story of the Three Little Pigs.*

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he threw it so far that while the wolf was going to pick it up, the little pig jumped down and ran home.

The next day the wolf came again, and said to the little pig, "Little pig, there is a fair at Shanklin this afternoon; will you go?"

"Oh yes," said the pig, "I will be glad to go; what time will you be ready?" "At three," said the wolf.

So the little pig went before the time to the fair, and bought a butter-churn, which he was taking home when he saw the wolf coming. Then he got into the churn to hide and by so doing turned it over, and it rolled down the hill with the pig in it, which frightened the wolf so that he ran home without going to the fair.

He went to the little pig's house, and told him how frightened he had been by a great round thing which came down the hill past him. Then the little pig said, "Ha! I frightened you then. I had been to the fair and bought a butter-churn, and when I saw you I got into it and rolled down the hill."

Then the wolf was very angry indeed, and declared he would eat up the little pig, and that he would get down the chimney after him. When the little pig saw what he was about, he hung on the pot full of water, and made up a blazing fire, and just as the wolf was coming down, took off the cover, and in fell the wolf! So the little pig put on the cover again in an instant, boiled up the wolf and ate him for supper, and lived happy ever afterwards.





*The  
Three Bears.*

# THE THREE BEARS

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ONCE upon a time, in a thick forest, there lived three bears. One was a great big father bear, with a big head, and large paws, and a great voice. The next was a mother bear, of middle-size, with a middle-sized head, and a middle sized body, and a voice quite low for a bear. The third bear was a funny little baby-bear, with a strange little head, a queer little body, wee bits of paws, and an odd little voice, between a whine and a squeak.

Now these three bears had a nice home of their own, and in it was everything that they needed. There was a great big chair for the big bear to sit in, a large porridge-pot from which he could eat his meals, and a great bed on which he laid himself to sleep at night. The middle-sized bear had a middle-sized porridge-pot, and a bed and a chair to match. The wee little bear had a cunning little chair, a neat little bed, and a porridge-pot that held just enough to fill his little stomach.

There lived near the home of these bears a little girl named Goldilocks. She was a pretty child, with bright yellow hair, that shone and glittered in the sun like gold, and that is how she came to be called Goldilocks.

One day, when she had run off into the woods to gather flowers, she came to a queer sort of house; and she fell to wondering who lived in it. She thought she would knock at the door: but as the knocker was beyond her reach, she had to break a twig from a bush to raise it. She knocked once—twice—thrice.

## *The Three Bears.*

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There was no reply, so Goldilock's, after a while, pushed open the door softly and timidly, and popped right into the bears' house. But the bears were not at home. After they had made the porridge for their breakfast, and poured it into their porridge-pots, they walked out into the woods, while the porridge was cooling, that they might not burn their mouths by beginning to eat it too soon.

Goldilocks was very much surprised when she came into the bears' room, to see a great porridge-pot, a middle-sized porridge-pot, and a wee little porridge-pot standing in a row.

"Well," thought she, "I'm just as hungry as I can be, and I guess I'll eat some of the porridge in this great big pot." She took a taste, but the porridge was so hot that she screamed, and made a spring that upset the pot, and it rolled on to the floor.

Then she took some of the porridge from the middle-sized pot, but found it too cold.

There was only the little porridge-pot left, and Goldilocks tried that. It was just right, and she liked it so well that she ate up every bit there was.

In the meantime she had been looking around for a seat on which to sit down. She came first to the great big chair, but that was too hard.

She next tried the middle-sized chair, but that was too soft.

Then she caught sight of the chair of the little Bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right. So she seated herself in it, and there she sat till the bottom of the chair came out, and down she came plump on the ground.

Presently Goldilocks looked around to see if there was any room in which she might lie down and rest. Sure enough she found one, and in it were three beds,





"SHE THOUGHT SHE WOULD KNOCK AT THE DOOR."



EATING UP THE LITTLE BEAR'S PORRIDGE.

## *The Three Bears.*

side by side. One was a great big bed; the next a middle-sized bed; and the third a wee little bed.

First she lay down on the great big bed, but oh! it was as hard as a rock, and the pillow was much too high. So she went and lay down on the middle-sized bed. But, that was as much too soft as the other was too hard.

There was only the wee little bed left, and Goldilocks tried that. It just suited her in every way; so she covered herself up comfortably, and lay there till she fell fast asleep.

By this time the three bears thought their porridge would be cool enough, so they came home to breakfast. When the great big bear saw his porridge-pot lying on the floor, he roared out in his great rough, gruff voice:

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE.”

Then the middle-sized bear saw that her porridge-pot had been moved from its place, so she threw up her paws, and cried out, in a voice not quite so loud as the great bear’s:

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE!”

Then the little bear went to his porridge-pot in a great flurry, and on finding it empty, cried out with a squeaking voice:



## The Three Bears.

*"Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up!"*

Presently the big bear went to sit down in his great big arm-chair, and found it was not as he had left it.

So the great big bear growled out:

**"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!"**

The middle-sized bear then went to her chair, and found a great hollow in it where little Goldilocks had sat down. So she scowled and growled, very angrily, but not so loudly as the big bear:

**"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR."**

Then up jumped the little bear, and saw at a glance what had been done to the dear little chair of which he was so fond.

*"Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom out of it!"*

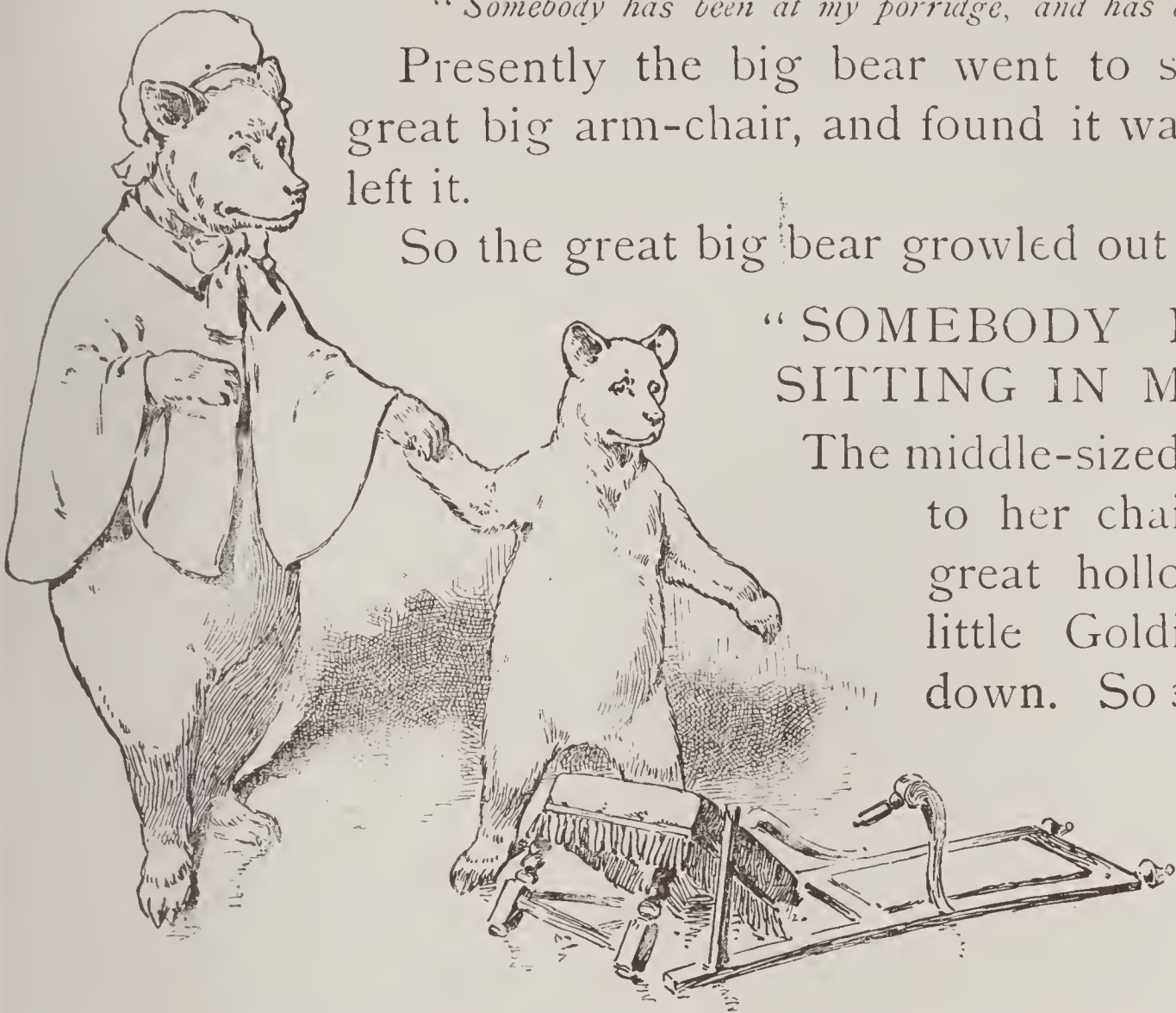
he squeaked with a doleful wail, and then sat plump down on the floor to have his cry out.

Then the three bears thought it necessary that they should make further search; so they went up stairs into their bed-chamber. Now little Goldilocks had pulled the pillow of the big bear out of its place. He noticed it at once, and roared out:

**"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!"**

Then they went to the middle-sized bed, and that was full of humps and hollows, and looked so untidy that the mother bear scowled and growled:

**"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!"**





"THEY WENT UP-STAIRS INTO THEIR BED-CHAMBER."



"HERE SHE IS!"

## *The Three Bears.*

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Then they passed on to the third bed. The coverlet was in its place, the pillow was there, and on the pillow lay the fair head of little Goldilocks. And she was sound asleep.

*“Somebody has been lying in my bed—and here she is!”*

shrieked the little bear in his shrillest tones.

The big bear, the middle-sized bear and the little bear stood with their mouths wide open, staring with surprise at the pretty child they found there.

The big bear had a tender heart, and felt quite ashamed of himself for having threatened to punish the one who had dared to enter his house.

Mrs. Bruin said: “Poor child! I’d like to give her a hug and a kiss, she looks so sweet and good.” And she regretted having made such a fuss over the porridge that had been touched, and the chair that had been sat in.

The little bear, however, was in great distress at the way in which he had been treated, and gave a most doleful whine.

Little Goldilocks had heard in her sleep the great rough, gruff voice of the big bear, but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind, or the rumbling of thunder. And she had heard the middle voice of the middle-sized bear, but it was only as if she had heard some one speaking in a dream. But when she heard the little, squeaking whine of the little bear, it was so sharp, and so shrill, that it awakened her at once.

Up she started, and when she saw three bears on one side of the bed, she tumbled out at the other, and ran to the window. Now the window was open, because the bears, like good tidy bears, as they were, always opened their bed-chamber window when they got up in the morning, and with a

One, two, three, out goes she!

away went Goldilocks out through it, leaving a piece of her dress in the paw of the great big bear, who tried his best to catch her.

She fell plump on the ground, and had to sit still a few moments

## *The Three Bears.*

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to find out where she was. But it seemed as if the woods were full of bears, and so she kept on running as hard as ever she could until she was well out of the forest, and in sight of her own home.

O what joy it was to be safe inside her own home! And Goldilocks made up her mind never again to enter any one's house without being invited, and never to make herself quite so much at home as she did in the bears' house.

The three bears stared for some time out of the window from whence Goldilocks took her flight; and though at first they were quite angry with the little girl and ready to eat her up, they soon got over these bad feelings, remembering that it is wise to

### BEAR AND FORBEAR.

And if you'll believe me, that little bear, who had made the biggest fuss, was just as proud as he could be to think that such a pretty girl had eaten his porridge — sat in his chair — and slept in his bed! Why, he actually hugged himself with delight! But as this feeling might not last long, I should advise you not to pry into other

people's affairs; and if you go in the woods keep away from the house of

### THE THREE BEARS.





The SILLY HARE.

# THE SILLY HARE.

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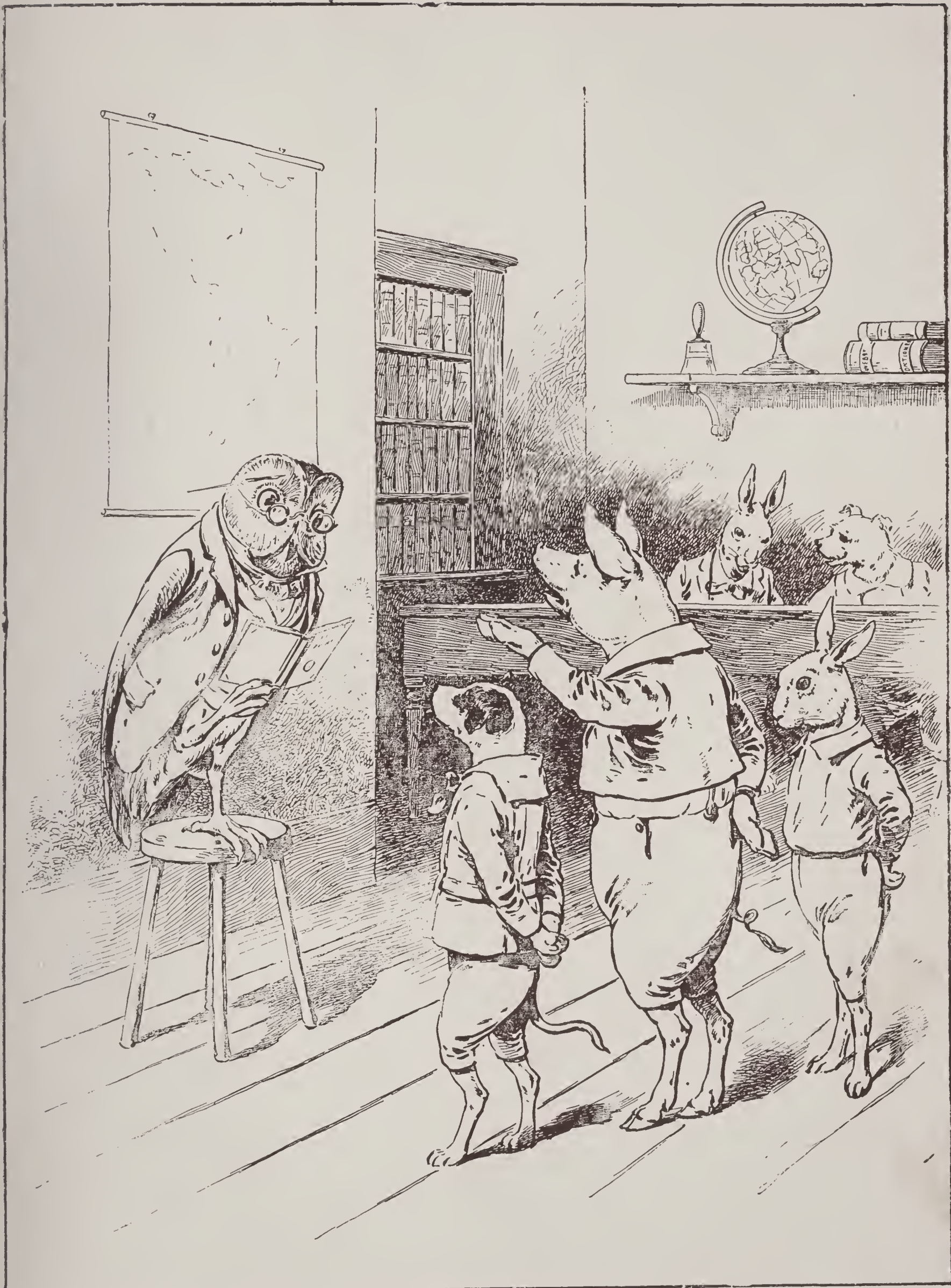
THE name of the silly hare was Bunny Long-ears, and he came of a very respectable family. His parents were well off in the world; and wishing that Bunny should start out in life with every advantage that they could give him, they sent him to a nice private school, kept by Dr. Owl, a very learned and skillful, although somewhat pompous teacher.

The school was small, but of very high standing, and was patronized by the best animal families of the neighborhood; as you will know when I mention that at the time Bunny attended, it numbered among its pupils young Chacem Curly-tail, little Bowwow Barkwell, and Piggery Hogson, Jr., the parents of each of whom were well known for their wealth and high social position.

If Bunny had not been a *very* silly hare, he would have known what a lucky fellow he was to have such a chance to get a good education, and would have tried hard that Dr. Owl's careful efforts to instruct him should not be wasted. But unfortunately, as is sometimes the case even with little boys and girls, he was exceedingly silly. He studied just as little as he possibly could, and let his mind run altogether to sport and play. He played truant frequently, running off to the woods and fields, and getting into all sorts of bad company.

After a while, such amusements as nutting, bird's-nesting, and fruit-stealing began to seem too tame to him, and he made up his mind that he must have some "real sport;" by which he meant going off to shoot with his father's gun. He knew, of course, that it would be of no use to ask leave to take the gun, for he was altogether too young to be trusted with anything so dangerous; so he planned to take it without leave.

He managed one evening to get out of the house with it, and hid



DR. OWL'S SCHOOL.



OFF FOR A DAY'S SPORT.



FALLING IN BAD COMPANY.

## *The Silly Hare.*

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it near the school. The next morning, instead of going into school, he shouldered the gun, and scampered out of sight with it, as fast as his legs could carry him.

He had nearly reached a piece of woods in which he fancied he would find something to shoot at, when he met a fox named Tuffy Slydodge, a very bad fellow, whose company he had often been warned to avoid. Tuffy stopped and asked him where he had got the gun, and when Bunny told, with some little pride, of the cute way he had stolen off with it, he slapped him on the back, and declared that he was a smart fellow, and ought to join the "Bravoes," which he explained, was the name of a band of "lively" fellows, mostly foxes, that he belonged to.

Bunny felt flattered by Tuffy's compliments, and consented to go with him to the meeting-place of the Bravoes, a cave in the woods, to which Tuffy led him by a round-about path. Tuffy's real purpose was to get the gun away from Bunny, for he had said to himself, as soon as he saw it, that it was just what he wanted.

When they reached the cave, Bunny saw there a number of young foxes, very hard-looking fellows, who were drinking and smoking like old toppers. Getting a wink from Tuffy, they received Bunny very graciously, and made him sit down and drink with them.

Bunny not being accustomed to strong drink, it took only a few rounds to make him helplessly drunk. This was what Tuffy had looked for, and he intended, after securing the gun, to have Bunny carried in his drunken condition to a distance from the cave, and left there till he awoke. But something happened just in the nick of time to prevent this part of the plan from being carried out.

The Bravoes were really a lot of young thieves and robbers of the worst kind, and they had lately been carrying on a series of burglaries on a big scale. At the last house they had broken into, they had added murder to their other crimes, having killed Mrs. Goose, the rich old lady who lived there. They had hitherto been very successful in escaping detection, but this murder had roused



BUNNY IS INTRODUCED TO THE BRAVOES.



FOUND IN THE FOXES' CAVE.



BUNNY'S TRIAL.

## *The Silly Hare.*

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the police, who were all dogs, to extra effort, and they had at last got a clue to the guilty ones, and the whereabouts of their headquarters. At the very moment the foxes were plying Bunny with drink, a squad of police were on their way to the place.

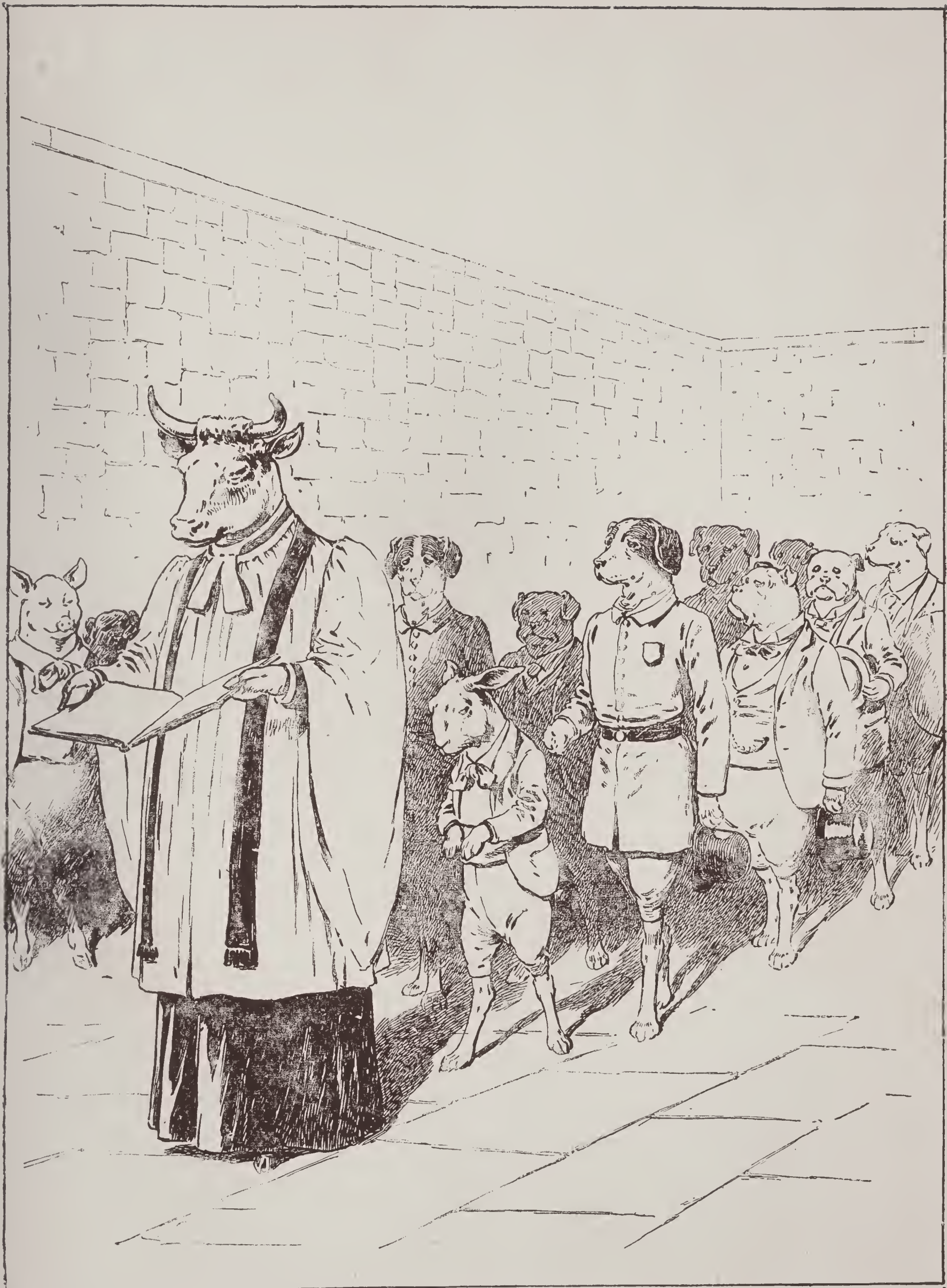
But the foxes were wary, and, when in the cave, always kept a sentry to watch for any one coming near. The sentry now rushed in and told of the approaching police, and the Bravoes at once made off by a secret path they had very ingeniously contrived from the back of the cave. For the time being they got away in safety.

But not so Bunny. The police, entering, found him lying in a drunken sleep. They found hidden in the cave goods of all sorts, including some of the things that had been stolen from Mrs. Goose. Bunny, of course, was seized, and taken to jail.

The animals were very severe in their laws, and allowed no delay in carrying them out, so Bunny's trial soon took place. He was brought to court before Judge Jocko Hardpate, who was noted for the scant mercy he showed criminals.

Public feeling was so much excited by the crimes that had been committed by the Bravo gang that no one against whom there was the slightest proof of guilt could hope to escape. So, although Bunny declared his innocence, and begged pitifully for mercy, the jury that tried him thought that the fact of his having been found in the place where the plunder was stored, showed that he must have had some share in the robberies, and they brought in a verdict of guilty. The judge then sentenced him to be hanged, which was the penalty the laws of the animals imposed, and in a few days the sentence was carried out.

This, then, was the terrible result of poor Bunny's craze for "sport." In spite of his idleness and disobedience he hardly deserved so awful a fate. But a similar misfortune may happen to any one who trifles with evil, and seeks the society of the wicked. All must expect to be judged by their company, and, if they associate with wrong-doers, to share their punishment when found out.



BUNNY ON HIS WAY TO EXECUTION.





*Cinderella.*

# CINDERELLA.

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ONCE upon a time, a poor nobleman married a very rich but proud and bad-tempered lady. She was his second wife, and had two grown-up daughters, of exactly her own disposition. The nobleman, too, had a daughter—the loveliest girl ever known. She had been brought up by her godmother, who, as sometimes happened in those days, was a Fairy.

The marriage was no sooner over than the step-mother began to be very harsh and unkind towards this young girl, whose gentle and loving disposition caused the behavior of her own daughters to appear even more detestable than before. She made her do all the hard work of the house; scrub the floor, polish the grates, answer the door, wait at table, and wash up the plates and dishes.

But the poor child would not complain, even to her father, who always showed the most anxious affection for her. She knew how unhappy he, too, was in this second marriage, and how powerless to help her. When her work was done, she would sit for warmth in a corner of the chimney, among the cinders; and for this reason, and to show how much they despised her, the unkind sisters gave her the name of Cinderella.

One day the two sisters received an invitation to a ball that was to be given at the palace of the King, in honor of his son, the Prince, who had just come of age. An invitation to this ball being a great

## *Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.*

honor, the sisters were in high glee, and at once began making preparations to appear there in grand style.

This meant a great deal more work for Cinderella. She had to do all the sewing and ironing, to starch and plait the ruffles, to run out three or four times a day to make purchases, and, when the day of the ball came, to help her proud sisters dress, even to the arranging of their hair; for they knew she had excellent taste in all these matters, although they would not deign to admit it openly.

At last the time came to start, and the sisters rode off to the ball, being mean enough at the last moment to taunt Cinderella with not having been invited. The poor girl retired to her dismal kitchen, and could not help weeping as she sat there, thinking over her sisters' cruelty.

Suddenly, her Fairy godmother stood by her side, and asked what was the matter. "I,—I,—should so much have—have liked"—sobbed the broken-hearted girl, but could say no more.

"Do you mean, you would like to go with your sisters?"

"Oh! yes, I should," cried Cinderella.

"Well, well!" said her godmother, "be a good girl, and you shall go."

Cinderella soon dried her tears; and when her godmother said,



THE SISTERS RECEIVING THE INVITATION TO THE BALL.



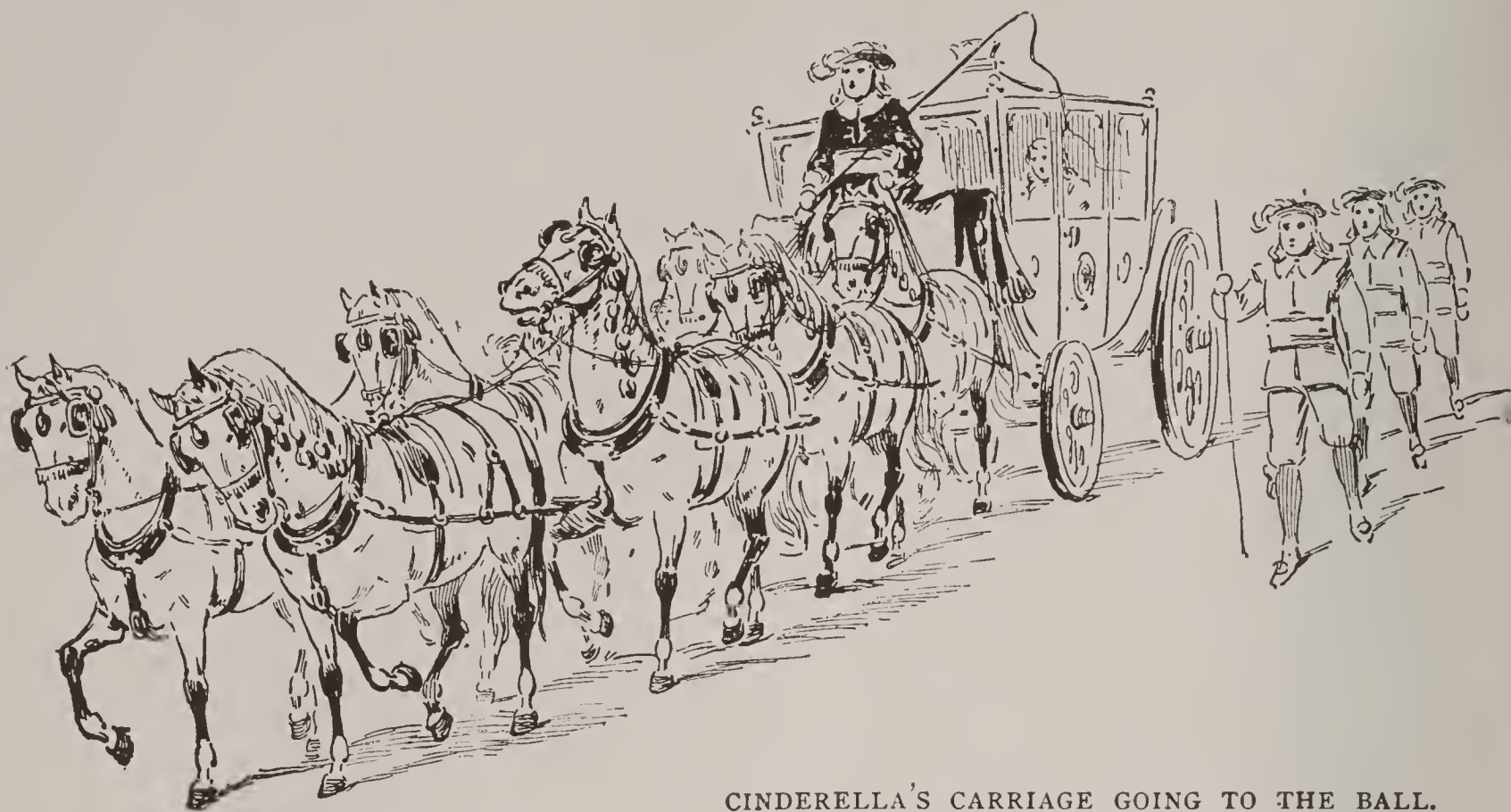
THE FAIRY APPEARS TO CINDERELLA.



CINDERELLA ARRIVES AT THE BALL.

## *Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.*

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CINDERELLA'S CARRIAGE GOING TO THE BALL.

“Fetch me a pumpkin,” she ran and got the largest she could find. The Fairy scooped it hollow, touched it with her wand, and immediately changed it into a magnificent carriage.

Then, seeing a mouse-trap in which were six live mice, she told Cinderella to open the door of it; and as each mouse ran out, she touched it with her wand; and so got as handsome a team of mouse-colored horses as were ever harnessed together.

Then she made a coachman out of a rat, and six tall footmen out of six lizards from the garden. Another touch from the wand changed Cinderella's dingy clothing into a beautiful ball-dress, that sparkled with diamonds. Last of all, the Fairy gave her a pair of slippers made of glass, the smallest and prettiest ever seen.

Cinderella was now quite ready. Just as she was stepping into the carriage, the good Fairy said, “Mind, whatever you do, don't be later than twelve;” and warned her, that if she did not leave in time, her carriage would turn back to a pumpkin, her horses to mice, her coachman to a rat, her footmen to lizards, and her dress to rags.

There was a great stir at the palace when the splendid carriage

## *Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.*

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drove up, and great was the interest displayed when Cinderella alighted. The Lord High Chamberlain himself escorted her to the ball-room, and introduced her to the Prince, who immediately claimed her hand for the next dance. Cinderella was in a whirl of delight, the envy and admiration of all the ladies and gentlemen. The hours flew all too fast. At supper Cinderella was seated next her sisters, and even conversed with them, they little thinking who she was.

When the hands of the clock pointed to a quarter of twelve, Cinderella, mindful of her godmother's warning, arose and hastened to her carriage. The Prince hurried after her, expressed his regret that she must leave so soon, and begged her to visit the palace the next evening, when the festivities were to be continued.

The following night the two sisters went again to the ball, and Cinderella's godmother let her also go; but in a much handsomer dress than before.

The Prince waited for her at the door, at least three-quarters of an hour, and when she arrived, led her into the ball-room. He



CINDERELLA'S CARRIAGE COMING FROM THE BALL.



CINDERELLA'S FLIGHT FROM THE BALL.



CINDERELLA IS ESCORTED TO THE PALACE.

## *Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.*

danced with her every time, and kept by her side the whole evening.

Cinderella was so happy, she entirely forgot her godmother's warning, and the time had passed so quickly she did not think it was more than eleven when the first stroke of midnight sounded. She jumped up from her seat by the side of the Prince, rushed across the room, and flew down stairs.

The Prince ran after her; but was too late. The only trace of her was a glass slipper, which had fallen off in her flight. The Prince picked it up, and would not part with it.

Poor Cinderella got home frightened and out of breath, with no carriage—no horses—no coachman—no footmen—and all her old clothes back again. She had none of her finery now, except the other glass slipper.

The King's son made the strictest inquiries, but could get no information from the servants of the palace, or the soldiers on guard. The only person that had passed them, was a poorly clad girl, who certainly could not have been at the ball.

The next day heralds were sent through all the Kingdom, proclaiming that the Prince would marry the lady who could wear the slipper that he had picked up.

The rivalry among the ladies was very great, but their feet were all much too large. When the herald called on the two



THE PRINCE FINDS THE SLIPPER.

## *Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.*

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sisters, Cinderella opened the door, and recognized the slipper at once. As soon as her sisters were quite tired out with trying, she said, "May I see if it will fit me?"

They began to laugh and sneer; but the herald, looking very attentively at Cinderella, and seeing what a lovely face and figure she had, said, "Everybody has a right to try."

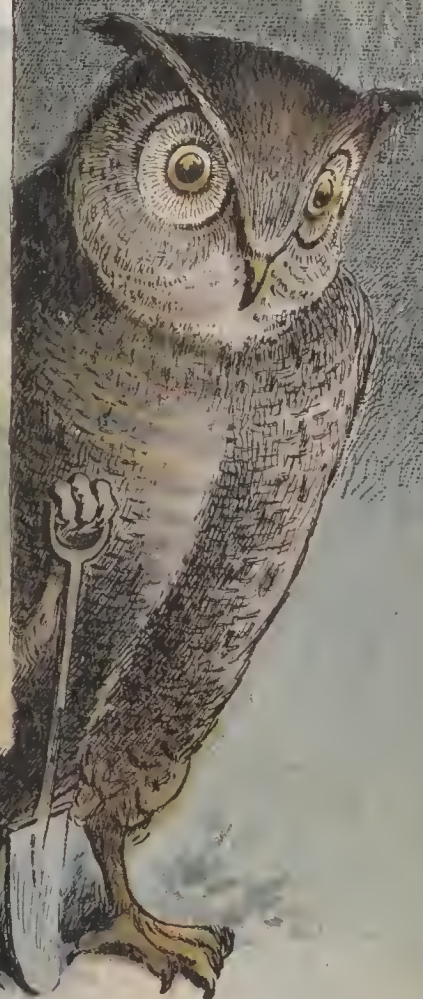
He handed her a chair; and no sooner was the slipper tried, than it fitted like a glove. The two sisters bit their lips in envy and vexation; and they nearly fainted when Cinderella quietly put her hand into her pocket, and brought out the other slipper.

The moment both slippers were on, the good Fairy appeared, and, touching Cinderella's clothes with her wand, made them more costly and dazzling than ever. Then the two sisters recognized that the despised Cinderella was the beautiful Princess whom they had seen at the ball; and throwing themselves on their knees, asked her to forgive them the very many unkind things they had said and done to her. She lifted them up, kissed them affectionately and said she only wanted them to love her now. A royal escort was sent to conduct Cinderella to the palace, where the King's son met her; and in a very few days they were married.



THE SLIPPER FINDS ITS OWNER.





Cock Robin.



DEATH OF COCK ROBIN.

# Cock Robin.



Who killed Cock  
Robin ?

“I,” said the Sparrow,  
“With my bow  
and arrow ;  
I killed Cock Robin.”

Who saw him die ?

“I” said the Fly,  
“With my little eye ;  
I saw him die.”

Who caught his blood ?

“I” said the Fish,  
“With my little dish ;  
I caught his blood.”

Who'll make his shroud?

“I” said the Beetle,  
“With my thread and needle;  
I'll make his shroud.”





*Death and Burial of Cock Robin.*

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Who'll dig his grave?

“I,” said the Owl,  
“With my spade and shovel;  
I'll dig his grave.”



Who'll be the Parson?

“I,” said the Rook  
“With my little book;  
I'll be the Parson.”

*Death and Burial of Cock Robin.*

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Who'll be the Clerk?

“I” said the Lark,  
“If it's not in the dark;  
I'll be the Clerk.”



Who'll carry the torch?

“I,” said the Linnet,  
“I'll fetch it in a minute;  
I'll carry the torch.”

Who'll carry him to the grave?

“I,” said the Kite,  
“If it's not in the night;  
I'll carry him to the grave.”



I, said the KITE.



I, said the DOVE.

*Death and Burial of Cock Robin.*

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Who'll sing a psalm?

“I,” said the Thrush,  
As she sat in a bush;

“I'll sing a psalm.”



Who'll be  
chief  
mourner?

“I” said the  
Dove,

“For I mourn  
for my  
love;

I'll be chief  
mourner.”

Who'll toll the bell?

“I,” said the Bull,  
“Because I can pull,  
I'll toll the bell.”

*Death and Burial of Cock Robin.*

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All the birds of  
the air  
Fell a-sighing  
and sobbing,



When they heard  
the bell toll  
For poor Cock  
Robin.



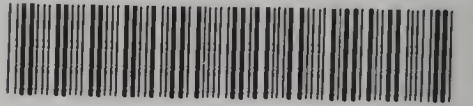
IN MEMORY  
OF  
COCK ROBIN  
DIED APRIL







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